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MONEY DON' MAKE 'RISTERCRATS.

A STORY.

BY WALTER W. BROWN.

HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON. 25c.

A story, conveying important historical information, portraying negro character and dialect, and unfolding a love affair of charming interest. [See third page of cover.]

MONEY DON' MAKE 'RISTERCRATS. 25c.

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Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Author and Publisher

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Money Do n' Make 'Ristercrats.

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——TO——

"DEM BRIGHT HAZUL EYES ER SHININ' FRU
DE BLACK LASHES, MAKIN' EM LOOK
BLACKER 'AN DEY RAILLY IS."

MONEY DO N' MAKE 'RISTERCRATS.

I.

"Mister George Washington Williams! He got er big name, but he do n' look like de quality! He got fine horses an' er bran new kerridge wid er slick nigger driver, but dese do n' make quality, no, sar! Dey ain' 'ristercratic nuff ter soshate wid our fambly, an' I berlieves dat my young mistess jis survigrous nuff ter reform de gintlemun ter dat effec'. I hope ter Gawd she will."

Uncle Amos was leading a pair of glossy bays—a perfect match—to the stables. He had met the new arrival at the outer gate; had ceremoniously escorted Mr. Williams to the front steps of the old mansion; had then returned and directed the "slick nigger driver" to his own house in one corner of the back yard, while he himself attended to the carriage and horses. He performed these duties as well and as courteously as if he were delighted at the coming of the visitor, but one can readily see from his soliloquy that he was much troubled in mind.

The Rutledge mansion was situated in the outskirts of the town. Before the war it had been the summer home of this old aristocratic family;

but now, that most of their vast wealth was gone, the old home on the Battery had passed into other hands and this up-country place was their only home, in winter and summer alike. Occasional visits to the "City By The Sea" were made pleasant by bringing them in contact with kindred spirits in whose veins coursed the blue blood of the Pinckneys, the Middletons, the De Saussures, and the Heywards; but such visits were also saddening, as they brought to mind the changes which war and poverty had made.

A quarter of a century under changed conditions has not sufficed to break the pride of South Carolina's aristocracy. Even when utterly reduced financially and compelled to work at manual labor as a means of earning their daily bread they rigidly hold aloof from the mushroom moneyed class which is constantly seeking admission to the "charmed circle" of the old blooded aristocracy.

II.

"A berry long an' tejous ride you an' yer marster had dis mornin', I s'pose", said Uncle Amos as he returned from the stable to his house and found the driver sitting in his arm chair.

" 'Bout twe've miles from de plantation ter de town. But who you call my marster? I's a free nigger. I call no man marster."

"Well, did n' you useter b'long ter de Williamses en durin' ob slabery?"

"Who? Me? No, sah! George Williams' folks neber had iny slabes; his daddy wur oberseer fer ol' man Harrison, an' I b'longed ter de Earles. You ketch me er callin' him marster!"

"Dat's yer way, eh? Well, I useter b'long ter de Rutledges, an' freedom an' slabery no differ-'nce ter me; de fambly treat me good afore an' dey treat me good now. I allus call Major Rutledge marster, an' I allus spec ter; he's de bes' man Gawd eber made. An' ez fer my young mistess, she's de purties' an' de bestes' lady dat de sun eber shine on."

"Is dat Miss Corinne you's speakin' 'bout?"

"Edzackly."

"Den she's de one Mister Williams is comin' fer ter see; he's t'inkin' 'bout marryin' ob her."

"Gawd A'mighty! Mister Williams marry my young mistess! He neber own iny slabes, jis er common oberseer's son, an' spec ter marry inter our fambly, who is de quality! Go 'way, nigger, you's a-jokin'. My young mistess neber marry iny sich po' buckra."

"He ain' po' now; he's rich; got er big plantation an' er fine house an' lots o' stock", put in the mercenary driver.

"Jis so; he's rich now, but he wuz po' buckra en durin' ob slabery, an' all de money he kin git

now can' take erway de common an' make quality outen him."

"Money kivers er lot o' short-comin's, an' yer don' know what's gwine ter happ'n in dese situumstances."

"Yas, I do know what's gwine ter happ'n. Your man can' tech my mistess wid er ten foot pole, eben ef dat pole made ob silber an' gole. Money kivers short-comin's, do it? Well, money can' take de place o' blood an' buckra can' be 'stocracy, no matter how much money dey is got. I knows our fambly."

Old Amos, while keeping strictly within the bounds of propriety and respecting the rights of hospitality, had become so emphatic in his last declarations that his opponent was disposed to give up the discussion.

"Well, it do n' matter wid me ef George Williams marry Miss Corinne Rutledge or somebody else or ef he do n' marry 'tall, so long ez I kin keep my place; dat's de way I'm prognosticatin'."

"No, you's lookin' a'ter de money fer ter fill yer own pockets, but I's lookin' out fer de fambly repertation. I don' kyah ef my young mistess marry 't all or not, but, ef she do marry, I wan' her ter marry inter fambly ob quality like ourn, an' I know she gwine do dat, too."

Just then old Amos' wife entered the door,

made a low courtesy, and placed on the table a tray containing food and drink.

"We'll quit argufyin' now", said Uncle Amos; "come, let's pertake ob some refreshmints fer de satisfyin' ob de inner man."

III.

"Is Major Rutledge in?" said Mr. Williams to the servant who answered his ring of the door-bell.

"Yas, sah. Walk in." And the servant showed him into the sitting-room. As Mr. Williams took his seat the servant said: "Your card, please, sir?"

"Card! What kind of a card? A postal card? I haven't one. Get out, you beggar, and tell Major Rutledge I wish to see him on business."

"Yas, sah. Your name, please."

"George Williams. Now go, you picaninny."

And the little servant withdrew with decorum, though highly amused inwardly at the ignorance which Mr. Williams had displayed of the common amenities.

"Good morning, Major", said Mr. Williams, as the elderly gentleman entered the sitting-room.

"Good morning, sir", came the response in those soft and gentle accents found never so per-

fect as among that small class to which the speaker belonged."

"You have a pleasant home here, Major", said Mr. Williams.

"It answers very well our present needs", said the Major.

"You once owned a home in Charleston, I believe; do you still own that property?"

"No, sir; I sold that home. You live some distance from town, do you?" The Major was adroitly trying to change the subject.

"Yes, sir; up on the old Harrison plantation. You see, Colonel Harrison was unfortunate. He owned a great many slaves; these he lost by the war, and he did not know how to manage free niggers. I rented his place and worked it for a few years; then bought it, and I am now very comfortably situated."

"Colonel Harrison is a fine gentleman; I sympathize with him in his misfortune."

"Yes, but the old scamp blames me for buying his place."

"Please, Mr. Williams, do not use such language about my personal friend, and that in my own house."

"Beg your pardon, sir; but it is right hard to bear some things. His place was bound to be sold to pay off the mortgage, and somebody else would have bought it, if I had not done so."

"Very likely; but you must make allowance for the unfortunate."

"Yes, yes; the bottom rail has got on top and this does not look well to some folks. By the way, Major Rutledge, I called to inform you that the mortgage which you gave on your home here has passed into my hands; I bought it a few days ago."

"Indeed, sir! But I know you must be tired after your long drive; I'll order some refreshments." And, as the Major tapped his call-bell, he inquired, "What do you drink, Mr. Williams?"

"O, I don't often drink at all, but I'll take a little rye liquor."

To the servant who answered the bell the Major handed a slip on which he had written—"*Bourbon. Claret.*"

Major Rutledge engaged his caller in conversation upon local politics. This topic they continued as the servant entered bearing a large silver waiter on which were decanters, glasses, cake, napkins, and cigars.

As the cigars were about half finished, Mr. Williams said: "Major, was that your daughter I saw sitting by your side last Sunday at church?"

"Yes, sir."

"If she is in this morning, I would be very glad to meet her."

"I shall inform her of your wishes, if you will excuse me for a moment," said the Major, rising slowly and looking as if he expected something else from the caller.

"You may inform Miss Corinne—I believe that is her name—that I have only a short while to remain to-day, but would like to make her acquaintance, so that I may arrange for future visits."

The aristocrat, scarcely able to conceal the astonishment and contempt which he felt, retired with outward grace and ease.

It is unnecessary to give the conversation which he had with his daughter. Mr. Williams' failure to bring letters of introduction from friends in common was presumptive evidence of his unworthiness. Besides, Cuffy had already informed Miss Corinne of the incivility exhibited by the caller on his arrival, and Major Rutledge had not been favorably impressed by his conversation. So both father and daughter were pre-determined that Mr. Williams should receive no further introductions; the only consideration was how to manage without giving needless offense. After some conversation the matter was arranged and Major Rutledge returned to the sitting-room.

"My daughter is indisposed, and asks me to have her excused, Mr. Williams."

"Certainly, but I am sorry." And he knit his brow, took out his watch, and arose as if to leave.

"Be seated, Mr. Williams; it is early yet."

"No; I have some business at the Court House. I must be going."

"Then, if you will go, I'll order out your conveyance. In the meantime, have a cigar and join me in a smoke."

The Major rang for the servant, issued the necessary orders, and the two men lit fresh cigars and resumed smoking.

"Well, Major, as I cannot see your daughter to-day, I believe I shall say to you what I had intended to say to her."

"As you wish, Mr. Williams."

"I told you that I bought up the mortgage on your home."

"I remember that you did say something to that effect."

This response came from the Major while Mr. Williams was drawing a long puff from his cigar, preparatory to delivering himself in his most impressive manner.

"Well, the debt falls due within a month and I thought I would do you the favor to inform you, so that you might be ready to meet it."

"Thank you. I suppose you would not object to my renewing the note and extending the

mortgage, provided I should pay the interest in advance?"

"I could not accept a renewal at present rate of interest; I can make more than seven per cent. out of my money, and, if you renew at all, you must pay ten per cent."

"Ten per cent. interest will soon bankrupt any man. I shall try to raise the money to liquidate the debt; should I not succeed, I shall have to ask a little extension of time."

"Very well. I had hoped to make a different arrangement, by which the debt could be settled without the payment of any money."

"What arrangement is that?"

"Simply this. I am well off; have a nice home, but I need a wife to look after things. I saw your daughter and liked her looks very much. I came to see her and hoped that she might agree to marry me, in which case, of course, I could give you the note and mortgage on your place."

"That is sufficient, Mr. Williams. Let me assure you that my daughter is not for sale. If she wed at all, she will wed a man who is her equal; she will marry for love of the man who seeks her—not as a means of paying off her father's debts."

"All right, old man. I must be going. I thought I was doing the fair thing all around.

Remember", he said as he passed out the door, "the note falls due four weeks from to-day. Good-bye, sir."

IV.

"Any mail, papa?" came from a sweet little voice. And a sweet little woman advanced to meet her father on the steps, reached up for a kiss, and then escorted him into the house.

"Yes, Corinne, I have a letter and you have one, besides the papers."

"Let me have my letter; we will read that first."

The two sat down in easy chairs in the library. Corinne opened her letter; she glanced at the signature and her face flushed; she read, and her face crimsoned still more.

"Why don't you read aloud, Corinne?"

"Papa, it is an insulting letter from that man Williams who was here last week."

"Read it, dear, it may demand my personal attention."

Corinne then read aloud the following:—

"MISS CORINNE RUTLEDGE:

"I have not been formally introduced to you; but you know who I am through your father. I was at your home last week and had hoped to meet you, but failed in my attempt. I informed

your father why I wished to see you, and hence this letter will not be a surprise to you. Having seen you at church, and being struck with your beauty, I sought a meeting with the intention of presenting myself as a suitor for your heart and hand in marriage.

Besides other property, I have a large plantation valued at thirty thousand dollars, on which is a fine old country residence. I have made my money myself and am making more all the time; hence I am fully able to provide for a family. The house and the grounds have gone down some for lack of a woman's care, but I am sure that, with you as mistress of the house, the place would become beautiful and attractive. These things I offer you, if you will become my wife, and I think you will consider it no mean proposition.

Your father and I will have some business matters to adjust in a few weeks; I would like to have an early answer from you, as your decision may influence the settlement with your father.

Will you become my wife, the idol of my heart, the mistress of my home?

Very respectfully,

GEORGE WASHINGTON WILLIAMS."

"What a conceited and ignorant fool!" exclaimed the Major. "He deserves pity more than censure. I thought my verbal answer was sufficient, but it will take a very decided answer from you to stop his annoyances.

"Then he shall have it forthwith", said the

young lady. "You read your papers, papa, while I answer the communication of George Washington — the-father-of-his-country — Williams."

The Major put on his glasses and began to read *The News and Courier*. He had not read long before he was interrupted by his daughter.

"See here, papa, how will this do?" And she read the following:—

"Miss Rutledge has received the communication of Mr. Williams and begs that he will cease from any further attempts at introduction or communication. Her father gave a very decided answer to the verbal '*proposition*' of same purport as the written one just received, and she insists that this answer from her own pen shall be final."

"That is all right, my daughter. Now let the matter rest; we will turn to more pleasant things."

"I believe you have a letter; let's read it now."

"Certainly. I had almost forgotten about it."

With this the Major handed Corinne the letter, which she read aloud. It was from her younger sister, Florence, now at the Female Seminary in Charleston. The letter was full of local news and social events, full of affection, and the burden of it was the wish that her father would dis-

pose of his up-country property and return to the metropolis, where they would all find society so much more congenial.

"That is a nice letter", said Major Rutledge, as Corinne finished reading.

"Indeed, it is a sweet letter. What do you think of the suggestion to return to Charleston?"

"I hardly know. I am not making much up here. There are so many pettifoggers and tricksters to compete with in the law, and I cannot adopt their methods. I might make more in Charleston, on account of personal relations and social standing, but expenses would be greater there than here. Your brother George is in the insurance business in Charleston and seems to be doing well; you might write to him and ask what he thinks of the proposed change. We could not live in our old style, of course; but we might rent a small house and live comfortably; perhaps we could buy after a while."

"All right, papa; there's the tea bell. I'll write to George after tea."

V.

"Well, Miss Florence, I suppose I shall be a wall flower this evening; the debutante always eclipses her old sister."

"No, no, Corinne! I hope to shine, but it will be in the reflected light of Miss Rutledge."

"We shall see. But I am so glad to be back in dear old Charleston that I shall not complain even if you do outshine me. Just to think, we have been here only a few weeks and representatives from most of the old families have called already! I have met quite a number of young men—some former acquaintances, some new ones—but we shall both meet many new ones to-night, and I know we shall find them all charming."

This conversation took place in the young ladies' boudoir of their new home on Wentworth street. George had answered Corinne's letter, encouraging them to return to Charleston. In the meantime, Mr. Williams had foreclosed the mortgage on the up-country place, and, having been forced to sale in August, when money was scarce, the property had not brought its full value; so, after paying off the debt, there was only twelve hundred dollars left in cash. With this Major Rutledge had come to Charleston in September, and, with George's aid, had secured a pleasant home and entered upon the practice of his profession with flattering prospects.

VI.

"Miss Florry is des gwine take de shine off'n Miss Corinne, sho. I's been in de room an' seed 'em dressin'. Dere 's no use talkin', Miss Florry is des de purties' and brightes' leetle creater dat I eber lay eyes on. She des like her ma wuz fer de worl' when Missis wuz young lady—her po' dead ma what is now laid 'way in Magnolia Sempertery.

"Well, I ain' gwine b'lieve dat talk till I see fer myse'f. It's jis onpossible fer Miss Florry er inybody else ter outshine my young Mistess. I been knowin' Miss Corinne eber sence she leetle bit o' baby wid long white close on, an' she allus wuz a beauty. An' she's jis ez good ez she is purty; she neber speak cross word ter me in her life; she good an' 'fectionate ter eberbody. An' she do set so much sto' by her pa; sence ol' Missis died, young Mistess jis read ter her pa an' talk ter him an' keep up his sperits like all de time."

"Miss Florry been off ter school so much, 'way from home, we don' know so much 'bout her; but she suttenly am oncommon purty. Come on; we'll go ter de ball-room an' see de comp'ny come in. Ol' Massa done say fer all us darkies ter come an' see de dancin'. He fix seats

fer us out in de hall whar we can see fru de do'. Come on; mos' time ter begin."

So Uncle Amos and his wife Lucinda left their house and went to the ball-room.

None of the guests had yet arrived. The musicians had taken their places, and Corinne just then entered, to take a final look at the preparations.

"Look yon', Cindy, at young Mistess; ain' she de purties' lady you eber see in yer life? Jis look at dat gorgyus yaller dress, wid de long train, an' dem big red roses in her breas'! H—m! Ain' she sumpshus! Jis look at de dimonts shinin' in her hyah! She's jis de queen ob dis flo'."

"She suttenly am fine. But you des wait till Miss Florry come. Den you gwine talk outen de udder side o' yer mouf. But hyah comes yer queen down dis er way. Now you can speak ter her."

As Corinne approached the door around which all the family negroes had gathered to witness the dance, she had a pleasant word and a smile for each one, and promised them all a bountiful repast at the close.

"I'll declar', Mistess, you's de purties' lady I eber seed."

"O, no, Uncle Amos. You just wait till the others come and you'll change your mind.

Honor bright, I wish you to look carefully and when the guests have all gone, I want you to tell me who was the prettiest lady on the floor."

"I will, sho', Mistess, but I kin do dat right now."

"And, Mammy", (addressing Lucinda), "I wish you to observe and tell me who is the handsomest man on the floor."

"All right, Chile, I'll do des zackly lack you sez."

"I must go to the parlor now and receive the guests. I hope you will all have a nice time."

Corinne left the admiring group and went to the parlor where she was soon busy welcoming the guests and presenting them to her sister.

The music began and the party left the parlor for the ball-room.

"Jis look at my queen", said Uncle Amos, as Corinne entered on the arm of Edouard Huger.

All the negroes joined in undertone expressions of admiration.

"Des look at my angel", said Lucinda, as Florence came in with Eugene Michel. "Now, Amos, I guess you kin see who is de purties', do n' you?"

"Yas, I kin see who is de purties', an' I bet on de yaller dress an' de red roses eber time."

"Den you got no gumpshun. Des look at dat white satin dress on my leetle angel wid de white

flowers pinned on close by her heart, an' de gol' necklis an' locket roun' her neck! Des look at dem bright hazul eyes er shinin' fru de black lashes, makin' 'em look blacker an' dey rally is! See her look up at young Doctor Michel sorter curus like an' smilin'. Oh, he's gone, sho'! Dey say he's fus' rate an' know all de ladies roun' hyah, but he ain' gwine marry 't all—dats what folks sez. But you see bimeby. He des now meetin' Miss Florry, an' I see from his eyes he's gone. She's cotch him, sho'! Now dey's berginin' ter dance. See him swing my leetle angel! He's mouty merticular how he do it."

The first dance was over and the promenading began.

"Now, Amos, what yer got ter say fer yerse'f? You seed 'em stan'in' still when dey fus' kem in, you seed 'em dancin', an' now you see 'em promernadin'. Which one you bettin' on now?"

"De queen, ob course. Dar she come now promernadin' wid Mr. Middleton. See how fine an' gran' she look! Miss Florry am suttenly purty, but she too leetle ter be er queen; she do bery well fer er angel. But my young Mistess is *er queen!* Ain' I 'bout make de right calcurlation?"

"I rudder be er angel den er queen."

"All right; den you is saterfied, an' so is I. But jis look at dem folks er waltzin'! I 'clar'

Lordy, dat's de sweetes' music an' de purties' waltzin' I ebber seed. Look at de queen! She's wid Mr. [illegible] wid de hazul eyes is waltzin' roun' wid Mr. Memminger. I tell you all de men is got dey eyes 'pon her. Dey all wan' dance wid her, but I fear dey'll [illegible] dances ter go 'roun'. Dat young Doctor look mouty pyeart an' lively wid de udders, but he can' keep he eyes off'n Miss Florry; he keep'r lookin' ober dat way."

Thus the evening went on; the waltzes, quadrilles, and the lancers, interspersed with promenades, refreshments, and conversation, occupied the guests till the "wee sma' hours." If Amos and his wife were divided in opinion as to which of the sisters possessed the more attractions, the invited guests were not much more united.

VIII.

"How shall I have my photographs taken, Eugene?"

"In that cloak with the moufflon fur, by all means", answered Eugene. "You know why, don't you?"

"Because you proposed to me when I had that on?"

"Of course. Do you remember the circumstances?"

"Why, Eugene! Such a question! Indeed, I do remember. It was a cold but bright December day; we had been out walking; had returned to the house; you arose as if to leave, and, turning to look me full in the face, you said—— no, I cannot repeat it——", and Florence blushed as she recalled the words.

"Never mind; the words are not worth repeating; I blundered so, and never did say the nice things I had intended—had intended."

"No, you did not blunder, Eugene; indeed, you did not. But, say, did I look frightened? It all came so sudden, and I felt so queer."

"Well, yes, you seemed a little agitated. When I first spoke, you looked up straight into my face; then, while I continued my plea, you dropped

your eyes and began to fumble with your gloves. As I finished, you looked up and said——but I'll not repeat either, as you didn't. I shall never forget your expression. With head thrown back, and a little to one side, eyes looking straight into mine, face wreathed in smiles, yet showing surprise, perplexity and doubt, you seemed to be reading me as you would a book. Your words gave me no positive assurance, yet they left grounds for hope."

"Then you wish the photographer to picture me as a I looked that afternoon?"

"Yes, as nearly as he can do so."

"All right, Eugene. Now let me show you the wedding present I have for Corinne."

"O, is n't that beautiful? One of the prettiest after-dinner sets I ever saw, and put up so handsomely! But, just to think, Florence! Within a week Porcher will be a happy benedict, while I shall have to wait on your ladyship's pleasure till next June!"

"That will not be very long. You know Corinne's plans, do you? They are to have a quiet home-wedding and they will occupy the house with papa. Corinne would never consent to leave papa in his old age; she will stay with him and care for him so long as he lives. Mr. Porcher understands all this and readily accepted the conditions."

"And what sort of conditions are you going to impose on me, dearie?"

"None, save what the marriage vows [illegible]

"That's kind. Would you [illegible] wedding, like that of your [illegible]

"O, no! I wish to [illegible] Michael's, where I have [illegible] and heard the sweet [illegible]

"[illegible], again. The plan meets my approval."

Shall we keep house or board, Eugene?"

"As you like. I have the option on a house just across the street, and I thought it would be nice to keep house and be near the others."

"Then, we shall keep house. You are so thoughtful and so good!"

"It is late. I must go. Remember about the photographs, my Shirin. Good-bye."

"Good-night."

VIII.

"How d'ye, Uncle Amos?"

"How d'ye,—lemme see.—You's de darkey what driv Mr. George Williams to ol' Massa's house in the up-kintry one day 'bout two years 'go, ain' yer?"

"Percisely de same. An' my name is Henry Montgomery. I see you circumnize ol' frens better 'n de Major do. Mr. Williams meet de Major on de street dis mornin', an' de Major he don' speak till Mr. Williams go up and shuck his hans an' produce hiss'ef agin."

"What you doin' down hyah, iny ways?"

"Well, you see, dey done put up er big cotton fact'ry in our county an' Mr. Williams he puts de mos' money in ob inybody; but de udder men who put money in libs hyah in Char'ston, an' Mr. Williams come down ter de meetin' 'bout de fact'ry. He sez he gwine stay er while ter see de city, git erquainted, an' go in sassiety, ez he spec ter come down hyah heap now."

"Edzackly."

"Miss Corinne done marry, an' I hyah de udder young lady gwine marry ter night."

"Dat 's all de trufe."

"Well, I t'ink Mister Williams sorter specin' de Major ter 'vite him 'roun'."

"He's specin' de wrong way. Ain' I done tol'

you dat our fambly don' soshate wid po' buckra? De Rutledge name be plum disgra[illegible] Williams be 'vited 'roun' [illegible]

"Well, I see one ob [illegible] mans what wuks in Mr. William[illegible] comin' down on de train yis[illegible] say he war comin' ter de Rutledge [illegible] riage. He nuffin' but common man' gittin' forty dollars er mont'."

"Yas, dat wuz Mr. Thomas Heyward; he one ob de 'tendants. He ain' got much money, but he blue blood; money do n' count wid our fambly—it 's blood."

"Well, well, dat is some'in' curus."

"It 's jis dat er way, lack I tell yer. Money do n' make 'ristercrats."

"Nuffin' ter me, only ijeas so diffe'nt. I mus' say I likes de money side."

"An' I likes de blue blood 'ristercrats. So we parts right hyah, an' we better stay 'part. I must be gwine, iny way, ez dey specin' me up ter de house."

"How d'ye, Uncle Amp
lemme see.—
George Williams to
one day 'bout tw
He
dollars
My name is Henry
Yas, dat was M
meet

Murfreesboro Academy,

Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

A Thorough School For Boys.

Substantial three-story brick building; charming campus of sixteen acres, adorned with original forest oaks; intellectual training unsurpassed; physical culture excellent; moral influences the very best.

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WALTER W. BROWN, A.M., Principal,

Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON.

A STORY.

By Walter W. Brown.

A FEW NOTICES.

"How The Victory Was Won"—This is the title of a little story by Prof. Walter W. Brown, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., a graduate of Furman University, and a native of Anderson county. Mr. Brown is well known as a writer of ability, and in this story he has woven some of the incidents of the campaign of 1876, in which the people were led to glorious victory by Gen. Wade Hampton, to whom the story is dedicated. The campaign incidents are interspersed with love-making, but the chief interest lies in the details given of the political events of that noted period.—*Enterprise and Mountaineer*, Greenville, S. C.

The stirring events of the Wade Hampton campaign in South Carolina have been made the subject of a thrilling volume by Prof. Walter W. Brown, formerly of South Carolina, but now Principal of the Murfreesboro (Tenn.) Academy. * * * It gives inside history of affairs that have frequently mystified persons unacquainted with the circumstances, and throws light on many subjects of interest to the general public. * * * —*The Evening Herald*, Atlanta, Ga.

* * * A thread of love-making runs through Mr. Brown's story, but the principal interest lies in the practical steps taken by "the red shirts" to stampede the organized anarchy of "reconstruction." We have placed before us with graphic skill the colored politician, the procession of red shirts, the moral suasion used upon the colored voter, the wiles employed to drive the female colored intimidators from the polls, and the rejoicings after the victory.—*The Sun*, Baltimore, Md.

* * * The narrative is seasoned with a love affair that makes it the more palatable. In his sketches Mr. Brown faithfully reproduces the negro dialect, and very charmingly paints some political events that are historical.—*The Dresden Enterprise*, Dresden, Tenn.

* * * The book is highly interesting, and is written in an easy style which at once attracts the attention of the reader.—*The Daily News*, Greenville, S. C.

Under date of April 19, 1893, Mr. P. T. Brodie, Superintendent City Schools, Spartanburg, S. C., writes to the author as follows: "* * * My hearty congratulations for the merited success that has crowned your efforts as an author. You have made a valuable contribution to the history of South Carolina. * * *"

Prof. Henry E. Chambers, of Tulane University, New Orleans, La., author of Hansell's Historical Series, in a personal letter to the author on April 22, 1893, says: "I have a copy of your story, 'How The Victory Was Won.' I like the local color of the story, and believe that all such accurate representations of events happening at a fateful and peculiar period of our country's past will have a distinct value to the historian of the future. * * *"